# The COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XL — May 26, 1944 — NUMBER 6



THE WEEK 123

FOR JEANNE D'ARC *Robert Speaight* 126

RELIGIOUS ART TODAY *Philip Rhys Adams* 129

FOR WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS (*Verse*) *Sgt. Charles W. Phillips* 132

THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 132

"WHAT IS OUR DESTINY?" *Gregory Feige* 133

EDITORS' CHOICE 135
*Cardinal of Spain—Contemporary Italy—Diagnosis of Our Time*

MORE BOOKS OF THE WEEK 137
*Saving Angel—Ten Years in Japan—Fiddler in the Sky—A Treasury of American Folklore—Fire Bell in the Night—Chronicle of Dawn—While Still We Live—Velasquez*

THE INNER FORUM 141



THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman.*

Published at 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.—AS. 4-9685. Annual Subscription: U. S., $5.00; Canada and Foreign, $6.00.

*Editors:* EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM *(now on duty with the armed forces)*

HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor;* JOHN C. CORT, *Associate Editor;* JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager.*


## *Pressure on the Neutrals*

CRITICS of our conduct of this war—on ethical, if not strategic, grounds—have had a number of legitimate grievances. The obliteration bombing which we no longer hear about, our devastating bombing of Belgrade and other unstrategic cities, which has meant the loss of thousands of civilian lives, and our obstinate refusal to allow food through to the starving children of Europe, which has caused even more widespread suffering and death, are cases in point. But it is difficult to see why so much fuss is being stirred up about the economic pressure the Allies are exerting to prevent neutral shipments of strategic materials to increasingly hard-pressed Germany.

It is a little oversimple to argue that since we are fighting in a good cause anything goes. Surely there are limits. Who would be brash enough, for instance, to say that for purposes of attacking the nazis by surprise we would be justified in piling into Turkey or Spain or Sweden with ships, planes, tanks and men?

But it would seem that a nation's right to deal in contraband—or the right of a business firm in a neutral country to deliver materials of war to one of the belligerents—would come far down on the list of national prerogatives. And when another belligerent threatens to withhold certain other materials from the neutral firm or Power in question, that is hardly to be compared, as certain critics would have it, with Hitler's methods of political and economic absorption. If it is an infringement of national sovereignty, it is a comparatively minor one.

What has actually happened on this terrain of late? Turkey has agreed to stop supplying Germany with chrome and is under allied pressure to desist from shipping opium, olive oil and fish as well. Spain has been forced by threats to her supply of oil drastically to cut down her exports of wolfram ore (the source of tungsten); Great Britain has threatened to cut its coal shipments in half if Portugal does not stop supplying Germany with wolfram altogether. Swedish SKF is threatened with blacklisting for the duration and the postwar period (which would also apply to its Latin American affiliates) if it does not suspend its exports of ball bearings to Germany. And the United States is negotiating to absorb all that Swedish company can make. Can this in any real degree be compared with Hitler pressure politics?

In a broader sense the United Nations—primarily Britain, Russia and the United States—have virtually assumed, if they have not had to assume, that they are speaking and fighting for the world family of nations. Joint action against neutral purveyors of arms and of strategic materials can then legitimately be viewed on another plane. Not so much that of the individual well-being and independence of neutral nations and peoples—although that often will be involved—but of the coming international concord in which all will have an important stake. It can be viewed as action in the name of the coming international organization.

In any case, now that the preponderance of manpower, matériel and potential resides with the United Nations, they have the responsibility of utilizing it with the most telling effect. They have the responsibility of bringing the war to a successful conclusion in the shortest feasible time, of sparing as many lives as possible in every country, of preserving from destruction as many as possible of the cultural institutions and productive facilities so that life may be resumed after the war. And of course, they have the duty of establishing a just and lasting peace. Cutting off Germany from important sources of war materials is, therefore, one of the prime responsibilities of the hour. The shortening of the war requires it; the common good demands it; even the ultimate well-being of the neutral nations themselves exacts it. And just as these comparatively minor limitations of national sovereignty are called for now, so there will have to be an end to unlimited national sovereignty in the new world we are struggling to establish with the peace.



THE LIBRARY
ST. CHARLES SEMINARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*The Problem of Sovereignty*

THE most significant utterance yet to emerge from the conference of Prime Ministers of the British Commonwealth of Nations which has been taking place at London is the speech given before the members of both houses of Britain's Parliament by Canada's Mackenzie King. It does not seem to have been a brilliant speech—Mr. King is never brilliant—and it bristled with talk about realism; but what is truly notable about it is its deliberate emphasis on sovereignty—"freedom of decision"—coupled with "harmony." The Canadian press reacted precisely as Mr. King must have hoped it would react; nationalist papers played up the insistence on sovereignty, others the "harmony" and British-American cooperation.

In substance Mr. King was simply saying this: the British Commonwealth has created a model of what international association can be, without impairment of the sovereignties of the constituent members. It must remain an "inclusive" rather than an "exclusive" association. If others wish to play along with it, so much the better. If they do not, then perhaps an "exclusive" policy will be forced upon it. The language was very polite and very politic, but the intent is perfectly clear.

What lies at the heart of this whole matter, and indeed of the whole postwar problem, is the question of how to establish some sort of international organization without a greater sacrifice of sovereignty than the people of the various nations will tolerate. Thus when, some months ago, Lord Halifax rather bluntly called for a closer bond between the members of the Commonwealth—which clearly meant less autonomy for the Dominions—the entire Canadian press and Canadian popular opinion universally, both among extreme French Canadian Nationalists and extreme lovers of the "British connection," was highly indignant against him. Mr. King, who is always an able politician, put the matter neatly by telling of the inscription upon the grave of a man who did not know when he was well off: "I was well; I wanted to be better and here I am." The problem of sovereignty is certainly crucial and certainly tough. Perhaps a forthright solution—a forthright abandonment of ultimate sovereignty on the part of each individual nation—is utterly impossible. Perhaps Mr. King's rather fuzzy "eat your cake and have it" line is the best we can expect at the present state of the world's development. At least it can establish an atmosphere a shade better than that surrounding Versailles.

*In One Ear*

MORNING and evening papers are selling like wildfire; radio news commentators never had such a field day; more than half the American public are exposed to a news reel every week. But the news simply does not register. If it were not vouched for by the Gallup Poll, Princeton University's Office of Public Opinion Research and the New York *Times* Magazine of May 14, how could anyone believe that nearly a third of all American adults did not now know that the Japanese had occupied the Philippines, or that 60 percent of them had never heard of the Atlantic Charter, which was supposed to be a rallying cry for the peoples of the world. And our ignorance about price subsidies, reciprocal trade treaties, reverse lend lease and other things is even more abysmal.

Hadley Cantril, who brings all this to light, as Director of the aforementioned Princeton office, ascribes our ignorance primarily to lack of interest, to our absorption in our own private affairs. That has a lot to do with it. Yet with millions of men overseas, rations, drive after drive for war bonds and war relief, Americans today are more concerned about the world outside than we have ever been. Self-centered as we are, a lot of the responsibility for our ignorance must lie in our schooling and in ineffectual presentation of the news. The ignorance of the American public is a factor that has to be reckoned with in any calculations.

From this point on it looks as if the daily press, the radio news commentator, the news reel production man, must dot each "i" and cross each "t." No knowledge on our part can be presumed upon. Perhaps, too, our government should study assiduously the positive side of the German, Russian and Japanese and other effective official information services. Apparently the enlightened American public opinion on which so much postwar hope depends does not yet exist. We are living on the surface of everyday things and at the same time we are immersed in them. We read the headlines; we do not grasp the news. There seems to be no denying that when it comes to world affairs Americans are just plumb ignorant. Government officials, publicists, internationalists and commentators of every sort take warning!

# Alcquier Discovers the War

ALCQUIER had country cousins and each summer he left Paris to visit them. They did not live in any "Cochons-sur-Marne"; his cousins and their neighbors in no way resembled the brutes who terrified Léon Bloy but then, too, Alcquier was mild in manner and inconspicuous, a little man, from the city, a stranger of course, but guaranteed somewhat by his cousins and not provocative; he did not carry with him, as did Bloy wherever he went, a challenge of conflict which the country people scarcely could fail to accept. So that if he had an extreme distaste for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this annual—it had recurred for twenty years—visit to his country cousins it was not of the frenzied nature of Bloy's hatred; in fact it was less a distaste for the country and its inhabitants than for what is called a vacation. Alcquier disliked having annually to vacate his apartment in Montmartre, his print shop in Montparnasse and his orderly progress from one to the other and from the other to the one, each day. His life was a meticulously ordered routine—which had always included the routine summer vacation. It was the city routine he enjoyed; the country routine meant subjection to various forces which his city life in no way prepared him to withstand. There were the appalling country noises in the still night, the creaking doors, walls, floors; the outrageous birds at dawn, Rostand's, and his nation's, rooster; the uncontrollable sun in the daytime; the assault of the insect world, the flies, the bees, the ants, the gnats at dusk; Alcquier walked on the dusty road, the uneven paths; the sudden storm drenched his straw hat. And then sunburned, scratching, sleepless, harassed and exhausted, he would greet the date of his release, the recurrent day on which he would return to Paris. The cousins would accompany Alcquier to the station, an Alcquier dressed in his city clothes once more, prepared to reenter the life of the capital which for him could have no surprises; there would be a long wait for the train with Alcquier no longer able even to hear what the cousins were saying because of the preparations he would be making in his mind about finding a compartment in the carriage where there would be no children; the train would stop only an instant at the little country station; the packages would have to be lifted up and passed to him through the window and then it would be goodbye until next year.

Each year this happiest of days came at the end of two weeks' discomfort and in 1914 it came just as usual. This is a story about the remote past.

The compartment was crowded; there were three old women, three soldiers, someone who might have been a country doctor, and Alcquier. Alcquier never read the newspapers; he read only one author, a classic author, at a time and until he had read completely and carefully all that the author had written. On this third day of August, 1914, he was occupied with the adventurous life of M. de Rubempré. One of the disadvantages of country life was that people talked too much; a visitor to the country was subjected to endless conversation about cows or land or prices or intrigues, a conversation built on a subject matter of which he had no knowledge, in which he had no interest, and elusively inferential. It was likely to be that way when traveling by train; Alcquier concealed his privacy behind his Balzac as if it were a newspaper and his belief that he had become in this manner invisible was so strong that it was shared by his fellow travelers. He noticed that they seemed extremely excited; he congratulated himself that his defense was impregnable. The train was very late; at every station there were soldiers on the platform; the Gare de Montparnasse was filled with soldiers with their arms and their packs. Alcquier had finished with another grave, but also, in the life of every Frenchman, routine disturbance, twenty years before, when he had walked out of the barracks after accomplishing his military service. Maneuvers, he said to himself, poor dumb idiots, and he hurried out of the station into the summer Paris evening with the trees in the streets, and the benches, and the gentle light from the street lamps, in haste to rejoin a first fixed position, to touch base, and then happily proceed in the rhythm of the days and the nights as he had so carefully and for so long arranged them.

But when he reached it, the café was closing; they were drawing down the shutters. "The world has other things to worry about, Monsieur Alcquier. You will have to do without your beer." And the iron shutters came down. Alcquier stood in the street. The fiacre which every night awaited this regular customer was not waiting. Alcquier, puzzled, disappointed, betrayed, as if someone entering his dining room at the ordained hour had found the table with its legs in the air and no food and no maid, dismally walked home.

He could not sleep; it was worse than in the country; there was noise upstairs, noise downstairs; from somewhere interminably came the sound of a flute repeating a short passage, phrasing and rephrasing the passage. Bedlam. After hours and hours there were only the familiar city noises which to Alcquier made up the silence of night. Alcquier slept. In the morning he complained—particularly about the flute.

"But, M. Alcquier, he has been playing the flute every evening for twenty years and it is only that this is the first evening in twenty years that you have come home early enough to hear him. The war disturbs your habits."

"The war. What war?" said Alcquier.

★

A selfish Frenchman, Alcquier, a bourgeois, a man of selfish habits. A man with no social purpose. They do not all live in Paris, the Alcquiers, traveling from Montmartre to Montparnasse in order to take prints out of portfolios and compare them, marking their states, and even at times in order to sell one of them but, if possible, not the best. So that we have not been fighting two wars for Frenchmen, or for this individual who found out so accidentally and so tardily that there was a war. And besides that, Alcquier has long ago been dead. But it is true that we are fighting this war also, just as we fought the last, so that men can return to their habits.

C. G. PAULDING.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *For Jeanne d'Arc*

## An English tribute in time of war

**Robert Speaight**

*We are printing this British tribute to a French Saint because it seems to us eloquent, sincere and interesting, and, if the parallel the author draws between past times and our own seems to us hazardous in the extreme, we are still printing this paper because* THE COMMONWEAL *leaves authors their responsibilities. However in order that this freedom be preserved there are occasions—and this is one—when we are obliged to state clearly that the author's views are not ours. Specifically—but not exhaustively—we do not endorse his extreme condemnation of the French pre-war Parliament, we do not think that France's "honor" has ever resided—or resides now—exclusively outside metropolitan France, and we prefer the French Saint as seen by Péguy to the Saint as seen by Barrès.*—THE EDITORS.

SURELY it is a great part of Jeanne's secret and Jeanne's appeal that she seems to be the patron saint of almost everything that is worth patronizing. When I was in America at the beginning of the war, I read a lot about her and I saw her then as the emblem of the Anglo-French entente. That is how I see her still. Believing as I do that no easy formulas of universal federation can replace the necessary cement of Anglo-French understanding, I salute in Jeanne d'Arc the inspired agent of supreme political purposes. The Maid who punished our armies at Orléans is now enthroned in mosaic on the walls of our Cathedral of Westminster. She has reigned there from the moment of her Beatification. You might say that we pray to her, because we burned her; that because she drove us out of France, she has become for us the symbol of that valor and enterprise and honor, with which we marched to battle in 1914, and with which we shall, please God, march to victory in 1944. My friend, Charles Morgan, has very nobly spoken of France as an idea necessary to civilization. Jeanne d'Arc reminds us that she is something more than this. She is an idea essential to Christendom.

Every saint is filled with supernatural charity; that is a definition of sanctity. But in Jeanne d'Arc this charity seems to overflow in a superabundant measure. She is among the purest incarnations of love. And so her spirit, though it enshrines the sanctions of French nationality, can embrace all nations, like the Gospel itself. The French can preach her to the Gentiles, and we can all welcome her as an image of our local and particular loyalties. Is it fanciful to suggest that this is the immortal vocation of Jeanne d'Arc; to keep alive among peoples, and especially the conquered and persecuted peoples, the undying instinct of nationality? Is it not her vocation to preserve that instinct from the corruption to which the best things are most naturally prone?

Her immediate relevance is not in dispute. She was the reply to a grave national crisis. The soil of France was occupied by an enemy power. The unity of Frenchmen was split by weakness, cupidity and self-interest. (Am I malicious in suggesting a likeness between M. de la Trémouille and M. Laval?) Although the country had a King, the King had not been crowned, and the King was not in Paris. The King was at Bourges. The victorious King of England and his bride the Princess Catherine were in Paris, which they entered under a rain of flowers. But the cries of starvation went up from the narrow streets, where Villon drank and thieved and loved and sang; and into those same streets the wolves came by night in winter, padding softly over the snow, while their Majesties feasted and gave thanks to God. And beyond and round Paris, the good Bishop Basin wrote:

"With my own eyes have I seen all the great plains of Champagne and Beauce, all the cultivated fields of Brie, Gatinais, Chartrin, Drouais, Maine, Perche, Bezin, all Beauvaisis, and all the land of Caux from the Seine to Amiens and Abbeville; further, all the territory of the Senlissois, of the Soissonais, of Valois to Laon and beyond in the direction of Hainault, all this area have I seen, deserted, untilled, depopulated, covered with weeds and bushes."

Does the picture begin to take on a tragic similitude, with the rightful King of France beyond the Loire, as the armed custodians of France's honor are today beyond other stretches of water? Sincere Frenchmen were divided then, as they were in 1940. Henry V, although he



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was an alien, was the grandson of a French King. He would perhaps bring order; he might even restore morale. Our best-selling muckrakers would have had a high time with Isabelle of Bavaria and her court. That intrepid monk, Legrand, had preached in her face, as no one, I think, ever ventured to preach in the face of the Chambre des Députés, "Venus is here the only Goddess"; "here debauchery and drunkenness have turned night into day, in one great round of lascivity." There were plenty of reasons why France had fallen. They were perfectly plausible reasons and Jeanne d'Arc was almost the only person to see through them. She saw that the only thing wrong with the reasons was that they were trying to explain something which had never happened. France had not fallen: she only appeared to be falling. It is the way of defeatists to pride themselves on their realism, but their realism shrivels into the shoddiest and most self-deluded romanticism before the realism of faith and courage. Where they claim to accept, they merely anticipate; and where they protest that they hold no cards, they forget the last card of all, which they are not quite bold enough to play. Jeanne held that card and played it. For the weapon which we so clumsily wield was the sword which Jeanne d'Arc took in her immaculate hand. It was the sword of Faith, of Hope and of Charity. In her day, as in ours, these were something more than the theological virtues, the answer to a catechist's question. They were the daily sustenance of the spirit. And they gave to the material sword with which she rode, undaunted, to Orléans and triumphant to Rheims, the swiftness and decision of victory. What was it in her personality and her vision which made her so sensitive an instrument for these high purposes of God?

★

I do not think that we can afford to neglect the least detail in the picture of her, whom Barrés called "cette jeune parente de Racine et de Pascal." In the first place she was a peasant. She had the simplicity of shepherds, which was beatified for ever at Bethlehem. We can see her moving among the pastures of Lorraine from one hermitage to another; the chapel of Sainte-Marie du Bois-Chenu, near the Fontaine St. Thiébaud, and the Chapel of Notre Dame de Bermont, where the clock bore the inscription "Je vous salue, reine Marie, Notre Dame des Armées, qui protegez la France contre toutes les nations." Bois-Chenu—what a rich and sylvan sound it has! How completely it evokes the mellowed sunshine of a Virgilian eclogue, the rhythm of the seasons, the pastoral symphony of birds and cattle, the fragrance and quiet of the country. This beautiful and necessary scene was Jeanne's inheritance, but it was in no spirit of pantheistic reverie or even natural delight that she accepted it. "Depuis la lisière du bois-Chenu" writes Barrès "on embrasse à droite et à gauche un bel horizon sur la rivière de Meuse et juste en face on aperçoit les vestiges d'un camp de Julien. L'Empereur apostat joue un grand rôle dans les souvenirs de ce pays . . . il ne me pas semble impossible que Jeanne ait entendu parler d'une famille Gallo-Romaine, que l'empereur païen persecuta et où il se trouva face à face avec cinq vierges héroiques." Chapels were dedicated to various members of this family and in the time of Jeanne d'Arc they were visited by Charles, Duke of Lorraine, and his pious wife, Marguerite. Lorraine; Meuse; here are names tragic and even intolerable to the ear. Long before Jeanne was born, they had been baptized with water and with blood. Jeanne tended the sheep, and did not forget the Shepherd.

Her horizon was not limited to the land. She loved Domrémy, and in those later days when she was leading an army and crowning a King, she often sighed for it and the sweet, familiar intercourse of home. She loved her parents and obeyed them. But she left them and the place of her nativity. She went about her Father's business. For her vision was not the vision of the most industrious peasant or the most dutiful daughter. It was wider than that. It embraced the people and the provinces of all her country. It had nothing in common with the narrowness, the acquisitiveness, the self-regard, or, still less, the pacifism of the peasant. It was not prepared to sacrifice liberty for some sort of romantic agrarianism, or pseudo-spiritual "laissez-faire." She looked with pity on the festering alleys of the Mont St. Geneviève where Abélard had disputed (though she would not have known of Abélard) and she heard, mingled with the nightingale's lament, the cries of famished children. The family and the farm were her units, but they were only units. They were her beginning, but her end was not in them. Her heart beat for the whole commonwealth of France.

She wielded the two swords, of which Saint Bernard wrote to Pope Eugenius; the sword of the spirit and the sword of temporal power. Each was as keen as the other; each had a sharpened point. She saw the relative importance of things. She saw what had to be done and she did it. Her ambitions were bold, but they were also limited and concrete. She did not say: "Henry V is the flagellum dei; let us bow beneath the lash." She said "Clear the English out." She said "Raise the siege of Orléans and crown the King at Rheims." She was quite specific; she was intensely practical. She did not say "There is so much to be said on both sides," or "France was unprepared," or "Get the Pope to arbitrate,"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or "A certain amount of cruelty is inseparable from political change," or "Of course the English are barbarians, but . . ." Like her Divine Master she brought not peace, but a sword; not sophistry but judgment. She did not indulge in those high-sounding generalities with which the apostles of compromise conceal their cowardice. She said "Clear the English out"—and they did.

I have spoken of her life, as rooted in the traditions of the family and the land, but it would be a great mistake to imagine her as a traditionalist kind of person. She was about as conventional as a nudist colony in the Home Counties. She accepted the stabilities of a certain way of life, but she defiantly transcended their limitations. No conservative merely tenacious of his property, no father merely devoted to his family, can afford to cite Jeanne as cover for his isolationism. It was part of her success, and it was a great part of her scandal, that she invariably sacrificed convention to common sense. She was always perfectly straightforward. How magnificent and how clear is her opening sentence to Baudricourt! "I am come from my Lord. I am sent to tell you to apprise the Dauphin not to cease to resist his enemies." We can understand very well the implications of those words. The hopeless, dreary struggle; the procession of defeats; the seeming silliness of a protracted war; the attractive fallacies of appeasement. Notice how modest is the Maid's advice. She promises nothing. Only, as she was going out, they heard her say "I will revive France and the Royal blood."

I suppose that some people today would find her war-aims woefully negative. She produced no plan; she prophesied no Utopia. And yet how certain and how defined is her policy! "To revive France and the Royal blood." It is worth pondering those words. You notice that she does not claim more for her war than it will bear. She is not, in her political and military action, concerned with making people better. She is concerned with the defense of the realm and the crowning of the King. I do not wish here to force a modern parallel, but I doubt whether she would have labeled her war a crusade. A crusade to her would have meant only one thing; she had seen in the churches of Lorraine the effigies of those whom the Saracen had slain. No, this was a just and necessary war between Christians. She would wage it at that.

She did not imagine, and she did not live to see, the final issue. She only secured by her initiative and her insight the condition for victory. She took Orléans and she had the Dauphin crowned. She was an excellent soldier. Her raising of the siege was a minor masterpiece of the military art. Her army was what the political writers call a "people's army." That is to say, she especially attracted the common men, burghers and farmers and the bodies of militia, or Home Guards, who had formed themselves for the defense of those territories still under the Dauphin's sway. She enjoyed, and easily communicated, the companionship of active service. Living and proclaiming herself a maid, she not only avoided the natural complications of poilu and vivandière, but she kept her mind single and her purpose clear. Her chastity was derived equally from her sanctity and her common sense. Dressing as a man she was the more readily accepted as a comrade.

★

With the raising of Orléans and the successful campaign of the Loire, Jeanne's military task was accomplished. It was a brilliant prelude to the coronation journey, and it was in this matter of the King's crowning that she showed her political wisdom. She knew, none better, the Dauphin's weakness. It was not that the crown needed him, but that he needed the crown. He needed to stand before his people in the solemn panoply of Kingship; an anointed and dedicated man. Without this public and sacred confirmation his word would lack authority, and she would secure for him the title deeds which only the ceremony at Rheims could give. Here was a conception of authority that we, in our day, can oppose to the dictator and the demagogue. I believe that in bringing Charles to Rheims Jeanne had her finger on a political truth, which Europe may neglect at its peril.

That was the end of her triumph. Not many days before, in Châlons, she had met some of her neighbors from Domrémy. We can see them gaping at her, as she rode through the town with her standard, which she cherished even more dearly than her sword, their faces dull and uncomprehending like the peasants in some landscape of Pieter Brueghel. Her legend had gone before her.

"And do you really fight?" they asked.
Jeanne smiled her assent.
"And are you not afraid?"
"No," she replied, "only of treachery."

And treachery was to put an end to her triumph, as, a few days after another royal entry, it initiated the Passion of her Master. The sequences of the suffering of Christ can very easily be traced in the stories of His saints. They can be traced, too, in the sufferings of those countries which most notably have kept the Faith. Jeanne was to fail and afterwards to die. She would have preferred a soldier's death. She deserved it. But she was to see her friends hesitate and desert her. She was to be abandoned by the Mystical Body of the Master, Whom she loved. She was to learn the physical frailty of all flesh,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when she fell from the wall with an arrow in her side. She was to doubt her Voices and deny her Vision. She was to show that she shared our weakness; that she feared, as a child fears in the dark; and then that, while yet a child, she could put away childish things. Clutching the wavering candle of her faith, which they all wanted to take away from her, she could still leap forward into God. And even then, as the flames lapped her body, did she not cry also, from the depth of an almost unimaginable dereliction, but in the patois of her own province, "Eloi, Eloi, lamma sabacthani?" The types stand out very clearly from the cruelty and the casuistry of her trial; we have them with us always. Is not Pierre Cauchon a perfect example of what M. Georges Bernanos has called "ces petits prélats fascistes?" To him and to his like we may well oppose the integrity of Jeanne d'Arc. To his experience her innocence; to his reasoning her intuition; to his authority her strength.

All this is only to say that Jeanne knew, by bitter experience, the frustration of human purposes. Just as things were going well, they started to go badly. Charles was crowned, but Paris was not taken. Her friends quarreled with each other instead of fighting the enemy. It would seem as if only sanctity can really know singleness of mind. It was indeed important that "France and the Royal blood should revive"; but it was more important that Jeanne should believe in their revival. It was important that the English should be expelled, more important that they should be resisted. Jeanne's message was a gospel of resistance; it was not a recipe of success.

Yet her cause was finally successful, as ours will be, and as we claim her suffrages at this time, let us not forget that her faith, like ours, was tried sorely. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that Jeanne d'Arc was the incarnation of everything that Hitler has killed. She was a child, and with every crucifixion of innocence he kills the child Jeanne at Domrémy as surely as he killed the child Mozart at Salzburg. She was a peasant, and he has slain, one by one, the free peasantries of Europe. She was a soldier and he has consummated the divorce between the soldier's honor and the soldier's art. She was a legitimist, and his empire is founded on the destruction of lawful government. She was a maid, and we know what he has done to the daughters of Bohemia and Poland. She was a Christian and we know what he has done to Christ. One day, in a moment of blinding irony, the Grand Inquisitors of Anti-Semitism will see where they stand. They will see that they stand with Caiaphas.

Let us, in conclusion, make our own these words of Barrès, even more true now than when he wrote them:

"Ah, la Belgique et nos provinces envahies attestent à l'univers ce que sait faire un peuple formé dans une admiration religieuse pour les plus effroyables scénes de l'humanité primitive et qui fait d'une mythologie féroce ses grands textes sacrés. Quand les Allemands déifient la déloyauté et la cruauté, et quand, justifiés par leur idéal, ils projettent d'écraser les faibles et d'asservir le monde, groupons-nous autour d'une vierge toute faite de vaillance, de bonté, de droiture, et de sacrifice, pour proclamer, d'une voix humaine, Français de tous les partis, que le propre de la puissance est de délivrer et de protéger."

# *Religious Art Today*

## Significance of Dayton's Art Institute Exhibition

**Philip Rhys Adams**

THERE IS an element of surprise in coming on a "Crucifixion" by Picasso, or in finding that Salvador Dali has painted a "Birth of the New World" by the simple expedient of casting a cowboy as a shepherd in an otherwise fairly conventional nativity. And the surprise increases with the discovery that an American craftsman can handle the definitively traditional medium of stained glass not only ingratiatingly but with striking modern effect.

The Dayton (Ohio) Art Institute's current exhibition of "Religious Art of Today" is a bold, not to say daring, undertaking. There have been many recent exhibitions, surveys rather, of contemporary religious art, but few were in this scale and most of them added up to neither art nor religion. Possibly because mere contemporaneity and the incident of religious subject matter were accepted as qualifying credentials. Dayton's exhibition is more rigorous. It stresses both a modern artistic validity, subject to argument of course, but reasonably easy to determine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

within broad limits, and an equally apparent, if indefinable, religious impulse. Only where the two elements coincide has the individual piece been admitted. There are lapses from this strict standard, to be sure, but such is the nature of exhibitions, and they are too few to work against the genuinely impressive effect of the whole.

Part of this effect undoubtedly comes from the ingenious presentation. Barry Byrne, the designer of many notable modern Catholic churches, planned a scheme of interior walls and panels, freshly accented in green, white and yellow, as a background for the sculpture. The paintings hang on the regular walls of one large formal gallery and two smaller ones. Drawings and liturgical objects as well as architectural photographs occupy two more. This suggests the size of the exhibition, which is considerable, including as it does over a hundred and fifty items. The climax of the exhibition is a chapel, designed by Barry Byrne for this particular purpose, although it would lend itself to almost any setting, where the three windows by Emil Frei, of St. Louis, are placed. It is built of wall board, follows the general color scheme of the exhibition, and focuses on a tall window which states the chapel's theme, "Christ the Worker." As an even more practical demonstration of the theme, the candlesticks below the window, ranked in the fashion of organ pipes, were turned out of tubular steel by a Dayton machine shop.

Only the central window has figures, of a carpenter, mechanic, farmer and miner, under a head of the Virgin. The two smaller ones, also tall and narrow, make decorative use of texts, the letters freely handled in a modern mode: "He that sheddeth blood and he that defraudeth the laborer of his hire are brothers," in black on red and grisaille, and "If any man will not work neither let him eat," in black on yellow and grisaille. The text windows are especially appropriate to the non-sectarian character of the exhibition, as they would be easily adaptable to Protestant use, wherever a latent iconoclasm may exist. They are artistically suggestive too. A figured window inevitably invites comparison with the early gothic masterpieces where individual excellence was reinforced by the authority of a working craft tradition, a situation which obviously does not obtain for the modern glass designer. Also a figured window must stand judgment as a drawing, abetted by the real presence of light, but still a drawing. Mr. Frei's lettered windows are a happy avoidance of this double handicap.

★

But the painters also challenge the tradition, and most of the controversy and excitement of such an exhibition center at the point where modern and historic aesthetic attitudes confront each other. If they actually do confront each other. A student of the arts is bound to see the modern idiom as only another link in the historic chain of styles. But church and laity alike insist, in practice at least, on a basic antagonism between the two. Not so the artists themselves; Picasso's "Crucifixion" of 1930 resulted from his study of Matthias Grünewald's masterpiece at Colmar, and manages to catch something, intellectual though it is, of the Isenheim altarpiece's terrible drama. It is clearly related to his own tragic masterpiece, the "Guernica" of 1937. But there is nothing new in Picasso's judicious use of the past, nor anything arresting to be found in Derain's early and oversize "Last Supper." For all its competence it shows the artist's eighteenth century French limitations, and probably the French eighteenth century is the last place to look for a genuine religious statement. Even Diderot, against the better judgment of his real love for Chardin, had to extoll Greuze's painted moralities, which are all too like today's official religious utterances. Of course the eighteenth century's civilization of manners may be comparable to the spiritual superficiality of the present. That they were better manners is beside the point, the point being that now, as then, the majority of painters bring little more than pictorial proficiency to their august subjects. Rouault is a salient exception, so well-known for his religious paintings that he need be represented in Dayton by no more than a single "Crucifixion."

Where does the fault for this dichotomy lie? It may legimately be called a dichotomy, because while not identical the aesthetic and religious capacities are very similar and have collaborated most fruitfully in the past. The exhibition frankly asks the question, pointing out in its handsomely printed catalogue that "obviously neither are nor religion has lost all its ancient vigor. Signs to the contrary are too numerous." Why then the cleavage between them now? One answer may be that painting in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has found religious outlet in other than the accepted iconography. Whatever his unorthodoxy, Constable was certainly not irreligious, no more so than Wordsworth, who also dispensed with accepted subject formulas. The impulse towards landscape is dominant throughout modern painting and cannot be dismissed as mere animism. Corot, for example, a devout Catholic in his private life, regarded his art as a humble instrument in the hands of God. The supernatural order and majesty of creation are recurrent themes in Cézanne's painting, and Cézanne with his "humility before nature" was a practicing Catholic who saw his life with a certain wholeness. Daumier's compassionate humanity rose to at least one explicitly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christian painting, the "Ecce Homo" of Essen, and the "God-intoxication" of Van Gogh can hardly be overlooked. Considered in this light nineteenth century painting seems rich in religious expression. Its only failure was a refusal to use the easily recognized and familiar, perhaps overly familiar, subject scheme, an anthropomorphism not so much outworn as unsympathetic to present methods of artistic thought.

It seems to be the old confusion between subject and theme; the distinction between them is constantly and easily made in music, why should it be so difficult in the visual arts? Perhaps here the esthetic myopia of the church is more to be blamed than the stubbornness of the artist. In any case it seems a pathetically slight reason for the church to lose the services of vital contemporary artists, who seem religiously inclined enough otherwise, or for the artists to suffer from the lack of the warm stimulus and inspiration which religious patronage can give. A little conscious effort at mutual understanding might go far to close the breach.

The pattern for a rapprochement of this kind may be found in Marc Chagall's biblical etchings. They were a series commissioned by the Parisian art dealer, Vollard, who foresaw the artist's religious potentialities. Forty of them are in the Dayton exhibition. Here Chagall's gift for charming fantasy is at times quickened into an authentic tenderness and wonder. They are a high spot of the exhibition. Marsden Hartley's "Three Friends" introduces a new subject note, a crucified Christ flanked by a prize-fighter and a clown, the despised and rejected. Max Weber appears several times, once with his commanding "Talmudists." In fact most of the Jewish painters demand attention.

★

But over-all the sculpture is unmistakably superior to the paintings. It is not easy for a sculptor, working in any scale at all, to dash off a religious piece, which seems to have been the motive back of a number of the paintings. Both the religious and artistic quality of the sculpture section is admirable. The catalogue hints at a possible explanation, "there may be something in the actual presence of sculpture, the implicit majesty of its permanence and scale, that makes it now, as in the farthest past a prime and eloquent minister of worship."

At the main entrance Maria Martins's heroic "Christ" denounces the scribes and hypocrites with a tropical fervor in Brazil's jacaranda wood. And inside the main gallery the first glimpse of the exhibition remains its most memorable, Jacob Epstein's "Madonna and Child." The seated figure of the Mother is over five feet tall and all the brilliant modeling of which Epstein is a master is compressed into its energetic masses. There is no mistaking the radical drive behind this powerful work. It is flanked by John Flannagan's "Christ" in wood, and a bronze head of "John the Baptist" by the American Negro, Richmond Barthé. José de Creeft's "Great Semite," a dignified head hewn out of slate, Ernst Barlach's "Two Monks Reading," Bourdelle's "Virgin of Alsace," a small stone version of the monumental outdoor sculpture, Alfeo Faggi's "Pietà," are among the many well-known pieces. Kratina's "Apocalyptic Christ," banished from active use in a New Jersey church because it "disturbed" the worshippers, is included. Its presence raises the question as to whether there are not moments when the worshipper should be "disturbed" by the grandeur and awe of such a theme, though it is doubtful if this is the particular work to accomplish the desired result. The disturbance may have been aesthetic. But similarly exacting judgment passed on the furniture of the greater part of Christendom's contemporary churches would be apocalyptic indeed.

The religious conviction of some modern sculptors leads naturally to a consideration of the liturgical crafts. Here the organizers of the exhibition were limited by the fact that many of the finer chalices, ciboria and crucifixes were consecrated and in actual use, hence not available for exhibition. The quality and range of those that are shown is high, and in most instances a fresh inventiveness has been brought to the design of established forms. There is little novelty for its own sake, and conformity to church law, so often restrictive in the other arts, is here a healthy discipline. Or it may be the native discipline of materials always present in the consciousness of a good sculptor or craftsman.

But in many respects the architectural section of the exhibition is its most stimulating, for if the problem of reuniting art and religion has a solution in modern terms the answer should logically be found in architecture, historically the "mother of the arts" but guilty of curious misconduct recently. Many of the objections raised by the sincerely conservative are not quite as formidable in architecture as they are in painting or sculpture. A Christ-type sanctioned by four hundred years of pious acceptance requires undeniable respect, especially when it involves theological considerations of the humanity of Christ, and when a strong persistence of the "Greek Ideal" is intimately wrought into those considerations. But there is no intrinsic sanctity in a lancet window, or gothic crocket, still less a painted plaster vault when the lath begins to show. There is of course a proper sentiment attaching to venerable things, though it is hard to see in what precise fashion American girder-gothic qualifies as its object. It could even be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

argued that a spurious antiquity of style traduces the very idea of veneration.

The exhibition does not insist on this thesis, it simply presents a selection, governed by the organizers' taste presumably, of eighteen modern churches, of many denominations, from many countries. In so doing it quietly underlines the encouraging fact that there is a sizable body of intelligently modern church design pretty well scattered over the western world, definitely more good modern religious architecture, in proportion, than secular.

Enlarged photographs show the plain walls, simple masses and dramatic volumes of modern architecture at its best, not stripped of human amenity nor made impersonal by engineering severity. Witness Frank Lloyd Wright's mysticism, which may have an oriental cast, but is authentic and informs much of his art. Examples of work by Saarinen and Asplund of Scandinavia, and Byrne and others in America, augment the tangible demonstration of Byrne's chapel.

Most "idea exhibitions" have a common weakness; it is always dangerous to put an adjective in front of the noun, art. Once an adjective is used, be it political, national, or religious, the art might as well be dropped, for the emphasis invariably shifts to the qualifying factor. As nearly as it is possible to do so, Dayton's exhibition avoids this error. A just balance between the component elements of art and religion is maintained throughout what might otherwise have been a diffuse and special plea. Its logic is simple and is contained in one syllogism. Its premise does not allow much argument; only that art is vital which in its outer form at least is expressive of its day, and only that which is artistically vital can be effective when applied to religious use. It is as simple as that, and as inescapable.

## *For Where Your Treasure Is*

Each time I smell the honeysuckle vine,
Traverse at night a quiet, wooded lane,
Hear a sweet voice, or taste delight of wine,
I think of you, and by my thinking gain.
A man must love. He's judged by what he loves.
And if he loves two lovely eyes of green,
A pair of gentle hands in soft, white gloves,
A certain subtle smile he's often seen;
And if one form attracts, two lips entrance;
He loves not these alone, though loves them still:
For soul must capture soul in true romance.
The heart is not enough: love needs the will.

"By what you love you're judged": if this be true,
How need I fear of judgment, loving you?

SGT. CHARLES WILLIAM PHILLIPS.

# *The Screen*

### *Murder He Says!*

IT IS disconcerting to see how an interesting psychological horror play like "Angel Street" can lose much of its effectiveness when blown up into a big, pretentious A rank movie. *"Gaslight"* is not really based on "Angel Street." But both stem from the same source: an original play by Patrick Hamilton. Perhaps I felt let down by the film because I had seen "Angel Street" and had already experienced the thrill of its plot and suspense. It is by no means my intention to detract from the story by telling too much of it; however it would seem that its situation (a greedy husband tries to drive his wife insane in order to gain possession of her house) is a natural for the movies. Somehow "Gaslight" is singularly without suspense, thrill or reality. As a matter of fact I didn't really "believe" the events in "Angel Street" either, but it held me breathless. And it's not that the acting in the movie is at fault. The hand-picked cast comes through. Ingrid Bergman is lovely and increasingly frightened as the action progresses and she becomes more and more hysterically a victim of her husband's diabolical scheme. Charles Boyer is convincing enough as the man who finally removes the mask of a devoted husband to reveal his true homicidal self. Joseph Cotten is properly cold and analytical as the Scotland Yard man. Angela Lansbury and Barbara Everest are particularly fine as the servants in this weird house with all its untoward goings-on. I suspect the three scriptwriters and Director George Cukor are mainly responsible for the mediocrity of "Gaslight." The movie is too slow in getting started. It has too many close-ups which detract from the scariness of the gloomy London house; and the house itself is not given enough importance. Each time the gas jet is dimmed we are given a close-up of the jet instead of a view of the room with its dark corners and shadows that add to the wife's mounting fear. Director Cukor has by no means missed all his opportunities; occasionally the film succeeds in giving an honest fright; and the scene at the reception (in which Boyer, realizing that Cotten is watching him, turns the psychological screws on Bergman) is a honey. Arthur Hornblow has decorated the film with a series of fine 1875 sets and costumes which fit the melodramatic story. However, I wish "Gaslight" had been made on a B budget, had been done on a simple scale so that every shadow would have had a scary meaning and we would have shivered as the husband came closer and closer to success.

No one would have expected a period piece like "Gaslight" to be done in the modern tempo, but that film could very well take a few lessons in cinematic suspense from *"Double Indemnity,"* another murder melodrama that will be on the screens in a few months. Readers of James M. Cain know what to expect from his stories. In writing this screenplay, Billy Wilder and Raymond Chandler kept as much as possible of the frank Cain style in vernacular and treatment; and Wilder, who also directed this hard, realistic film, captured in cinema the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brash, grim world of unprincipled people who inhabit Cain's fiction. "Unprincipled" is perhaps not the word for them, for the characters in this film have a principle: to get ahead and get what they want no matter who is crushed or hurt in the getting. "Double Indemnity" tells the raw story of two people who want money (fifty thousand dollars in particular, which may even be a hundred thousand if the insurance company pays double indemnity). The two, an insurance agent and the panting, scheming wife of a once-wealthy oil man, insure the husband, kill him and plant his body to fool the police and insurance company into thinking he died in a train accident. In spite of the murdered man's suspicious daughter and a smart insurance claim manager who is armed to the teeth with wise answers and statistics, the couple almost get away with their "perfect crime." However they both forget that they have to contend with each other.

It isn't the plot of this tightly directed, concise film that makes it so unusual; it's rather the amazingly vivid characterizations and the outstanding acting. Barbara Stanwyck as the cheap blonde babe, Fred MacMurray as the taken-in, callous insurance agent, Edward G. Robinson as the crude, tough, dyspeptic investigator ("behind the cigar ashes on his vest beats a heart the size of a house") turn in performances that are among the best of their long careers. And in supporting roles Tom Powers, Richard Gaines, Porter Hall and Jean Heather add realistic touches which indicate that Director Wilder knew exactly what effect he was getting with this straightforward, strictly adult movie. Joseph Sistrom's production and the photography under the supervision of John Seitz are in keeping with the naturalistic story and unattractive characters. None of these characters has a redeeming feature—well, yes, perhaps the agent does do one decent thing near the end of his downward career; but if you think the investigator is going to turn soft or sentimental in the finale you are mistaken. And although you have no sympathy for any of these people, Director Wilder succeeds in keeping you tense with suspense. Your heart will jump when the car stalls immediately after the killers have placed the body on the tracks. While one might question the point of telling such an unsavory story, "Double Indemnity" justifies itself in the high quality of its cinema technique, the sincere acting, its objective tone and crime-does-not-pay conclusion.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

# "What Is Our Destiny"

GREGORY FEIGE

IF THE war which founded this nation was a time to try men's souls, then the current conflict should exert an even stronger compulsion for soul-searching on all thinking Americans. Mr. Norman Thomas now adds his voice to the ever-increasing chorus (or is cacophony the word?) of articulated thought about the war and its crop of problems, and he has recorded it in a book,* small

*What Is Our Destiny. Norman Thomas. Doubleday. $2.00.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

SHADOW-BRIM

Summer Hat

it's sheer as a shadow and casts such a flattering light on your face. Sisal straw with horsehair band. Black, brown, navy. Sizes 22 1/2, 23, 23 1/2. 12.50

Altman millinery, third floor

Fifth Avenue at 34th Street Telephone MU. 9-7000
Also at our East Orange and White Plains Shops

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in size, but "packed with explosive issues." Those who know Mr. Thomas will recall his never-failing ability to express moral indignation. The war and the passions aroused by it may have blunted the sensibilities of many who would otherwise share his feelings. Mr. Thomas must have been aware of this when he wrote his book, for he attacks his problems with the cold severity of an objective appraiser. In stating facts he does not shy away from unpalatable truths, and in drawing his conclusions from the facts he does not pull his punches, however much it may hurt our national pride. This is not to say, however, that one has to accept all the conclusions at which Mr. Thomas arrives.

"Man deserves a better fate than total war," says the author sententiously. "He is not incapacitated biologically or spiritually from the achievement of a glorious and lasting peace. But to win it he must face frankly and intelligently the facts about the world as it is and as it might become." To a world that is now preoccupied with military successes and purely political events, Mr. Thomas recalls his own pre-war fears about our participation: "Considered as a war of liberation this struggle has been at least as unsatisfactory as I expected. Churchill's imperialism has been stiffer and more unyielding. . . . Stalinism remains Stalinism. In this country the war has moved at least as rapidly and dangerously as I thought likely in developing bureaucratic and totalitarian controls, in piling up appalling debts . . . in sharpening racial tensions in a fashion not only ominous to our own democracy but to the attitudes on which lasting peace depends." This is said, less in justification of a stand shared at the time by millions of his fellow-citizens, than to point to the problems of colonial imperialism and Stalinist expansionism abroad, plus the dangers of an economic chaos at home. The forgers of the peace-to-come will have to reckon with this. The reality of these problems is not lessened in the least by tacking the label of *Isolationist* on him who raises these issues. They have to be faced.

To be sure, Mr. Thomas is not too clear about his own solutions of these and kindred problems. Even as regards the more immediate questions of the future of Germany and Japan he is not much more enlightening than the State Department. He does, however, reject certain proposals and assumptions. Neither extermination nor a ruthless punitive policy are considered possible. He even dignifies with his attention the "doctrine of biological unfitness of the Germans for decency," which he characterizes as a "prostitution of learning." It is probably less significant than that. For these pseudo-scientific outpourings and "revelations," principally by refugees, smack more of a literary racket, foisted on the more emotional and gullible portion of our reading public, than an honest endeavor to contribute anything to the peaceful settlement of Europe. Mr. Thomas also gives a jolt to the smugness of those Americans who lightly assume that they are called upon to sit in judgment on whole nations, by calling to mind our own less-than-perfect treatment of our Indians and Negroes. It is his opinion that "no nation or combination of nations is good enough, wise enough or strong enough to essay the role of a God of Wrath."

What we need more than anything else, Mr. Thomas thinks, is "a peace that will end the old game of international power politics." The prospects are not bright. Examining the peace aims of the four great Powers, he concludes that Great Britain will support the Churchill type of imperialism in Asia and agree to share the dominance over Europe with the U.S.S.R., while a policy-less U.S.A. will tacitly consent. He sees the British people as leaning more towards Russia but the ruling class more to the United States in future developments. The principal victor in the war, Mr. Thomas declares, will be Stalin, who knows what he wants, namely, a strong, united and expanded Russia. He believes that the United States has a strong bargaining-card in its industrial wealth which Russia will need after the war. He minces no words in denouncing Stalin's régime as a cruel despotism with no signs of freedom of religion or freedom from want. As for China, Mr. Thomas believes that in spite of our enthusiasm for her people and the many words of good intention by her leaders, she is still far from a democratic form of government. But the severest words of criticism Mr. Thomas reserves for Mr. Roosevelt, whom he accuses of "a frantic appeasement of his colleagues." "At Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran, the America whose destiny should have been the vindication of democracy and of cooperation between peoples, apparently underwrote the British and Russian empires." This bitterness, one must confess, is too redolent of platform attacks of political campaigns to carry conviction, although the reticence and vagueness of Mr. Roosevelt about the Teheran conference has given rise to grave misgivings in the minds of many Americans.

★

Reviewing the many plans for a peace-organized post-war world Mr. Thomas thinks that they can well be grouped into three classes: the first, he calls the "Peace through Police" plan, which he dismisses as being a panacea by slogan, attractive but impracticable. Even in the modified form of Walter Lippmann's "nuclear alliance" or that of the Freedom House group he finds it unacceptable. The great weakness, aside from the lack of definition as to the right constitution of this police force, being the false assumption as to the real causes of war. He does allow, however, that the use of force can serve useful ends internationally, provided that coercion is subordinated to cooperation, that its use is limited to the prevention of aggression, and that it is followed by the abolition of conscription and all-round disarmament. The second group, according to Mr. Thomas, are the believers in a world organization and a world Constitution; here he sees too many plans and too many planners, which, together with a tendency at over-simplification, he finds confusing. He himself favors a third group which sees below this war the forces of a world revolution at work. This, of course, is the Marxian interpretation, wherein (in the extreme view) the proletariat rises to its dictatorship and establishes Communism, or wherein it achieves a softened form of Socialism, "the fellowship of free men [which] can and will intelligently harness our machinery for destruction, no longer of one another, but only of eco-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nomic insecurity and poverty." The question is pertinent here, how does Mr. Thomas expect to avoid the eventual fate of statism or totalitarianism, when the advance of public ownership and public operation of our means of production must finally make all of us employees of the State with the resultant decline in personal freedom and individual worth. This is not to say that the economic measures which Mr. Thomas advocates, including public ownership of utilities, are all to be rejected. It is merely that the problem lies more in the moral sphere, where external devices alone cannot procure the desired result. Education to social responsibility and social justice is needed for all groups and classes; not only for the capitalists, but today for the groups of organized labor and the consuming public as well. Nor can this be achieved if we have national administrations which either favor mainly big business, or throw the weight of their power largely to the side of organized labor. The Common Good, in all government, is alone the Supreme Law.

America's destiny, however, is not "to police the earth or play God to it," but to make our democracy work. First of all at home, by developing and using our economic, technological and human resources to the full, for the common good. This better world we must seek to make also "in comradeship with those of every race whose long struggles . . . have made our humanity and its civilization what they are." But in such a struggle (in which Mr. Thomas has always had so conspicuous a share), the fight is not only against economic insecurity, it is also a fight against the forces of evil, recognizable as injustice and deceit, pride and avarice, cruelty and hatred. These are all moral issues. It is, therefore, distinctly disappointing that Mr. Thomas gave no place to the representatives of the moral and spiritual powers who have all insisted on the restoration of the moral basis for all international life, and have clarified this demand by enumerating a number of principles. So we have the Pope's five-point peace program; the three-faiths declaration of seven principles for world peace; and the Peace Commission's report of the Federal Council of Churches. The omission is the more noteworthy inasmuch as the weight of valuable contribution in Mr. Thomas's book lies mainly in the moral and spiritual field of ideals and principles. Indeed, it seems to be a deeply stirred Christian conscience rather than the political leader, who calls for an end to White Supremacy in Asia, who finds the hope of peace in mankind's universal hatred of war, who deplores the "training in brutality" of military service, who condemns the policy of starving helpless victims of nazi-occupied Europe, and who finds himself "turning away with loathing for the human nature that can weep over Coventry but rejoice that over and over in one night our airmen have rained upon the cities of Europe more tons of bombs than the Germans used in months over England,—with the inevitable consequence of killing far more women and children than perished in London. When an American admiral, addressing 970 midshipmen in a Cathedral dedicated to Christ in the name of the Apostle of Love, has no other message than 'I merely advocate that when this war is over there be no main street of Tokyo to march down,' then the Galilean has been conquered in the house of his friends, and American patriotism has been reduced to the level of fascist sadism." If these are words addressed to the emotions, they are at least born of convictions and ideals which do honor to a Christian and a civilized being; they are the echo of what is traditionally America. For it is ideals that have made America great, and great ideals only are worthy of America's destiny.

So, perhaps, Mr. Thomas's theme may be summed up in an exhortation to his country: "America, be true to your tradition, be guided by your ideals of the past, be jealous of your self-respect, and fulfill your mission of providing democratic government of and by the people, and democratic justice for the people. For all the people. That is your destiny, America." To which we say: Amen.

# Editors' Choice

CARDINAL OF SPAIN. *Simon Harcourt-Smith. Knopf.* $3.50.

CONTEMPORARY ITALY: ITS INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL ORIGINS. *Count Carlo Sforza. Dutton.* $3.50.

DIAGNOSIS OF OUR TIME. *Karl Mannheim. Oxford.* $3.00.

## Alberoni of Parma

MR. HARCOURT-SMITH writes wickedly. He has a keen eye for spice and wit, and he can turn a phrase very neatly himself when he has a mind to. Hence his life of Cardinal Alberoni (1664-1752) is a delight. It is not, however, to be recommended to a reader who does not know French or to a reader who is likely to be disturbed by the franknesses and far from admirable conduct so characteristic of Europe's leading figures during a period when moral standards were scarcely noted for their effectiveness. Alberoni himself continues to be an object of controversy. Unfortunately he got into the bad graces of the English Whigs, and since most English history has been written by Whigs (remember that Winston Churchill is thoroughly a partisan of his distinguished ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough) Alberoni had hardly been given his desserts. Mr. Harcourt-Smith perhaps falsifies the picture in the opposite direction, but the corrective is useful.

Who was Alberoni? He was the son of an Italian gardener who through his charm and ability worked his way up in the world until he was virtual ruler of Spain

"A HIT AND A BIG ONE." —America
"BY ALL MEANS SEE IT." —Commonweal
TOMORROW THE WORLD 2ND YEAR
Conrad NAGEL • Shirley BOOTH BARRYMORE THEA., W. 47th. Evgs. 8:40 Mats. WED. and SAT. 2:40

MAX GORDON PRESENTS
"Wittiest evening of the Broadway season."—Life Mag.
RUTH GORDON in OVER TWENTY-ONE
By RUTH GORDON : Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
MUSIC BOX, 45th Street West of Broadway. Circle 6-4636
EVENINGS 8:40. Matinees THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 2:40

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and had all Europe by the ears. It was the sort of ecclesiastical career which could only have occurred in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. The young priest's first great patron was the Duc de Vendome, a thoroughly unbelieving old scoundrel who was also the best general Louis XIV had during the latter days of his reign. Among Alberoni's most useful gifts was his ability to cook. He had a thorough knowledge of all the intricacies of North Italian culinary art, and it served him well all his life. In time he became an official representative of the Duke of Parma attached to various individuals and courts, but wherever he went his ability to supply the sausages, cheeses and finished dishes of his native land won him friends. Eventually, when he succeeded in marrying one of the daughters of his employer to the first Bourbon King of Spain, his prowess as a chef won him complete ascendancy over the Spanish Court, for Elizabeth Farnese would not eat unless Alberoni prepared her meals for her. By this means Alberoni could get what he wanted out of the King, for if the King proved obstinate, Alberoni would cease to cook for his wife and she would withdraw herself from her uxorious husband's company—a process which very quickly brought Philip V to terms. The power Alberoni thus acquired he put to good use. He was not himself in any way corrupt, nor did he share the morals of his age. He tried to build up Spain from impotence to prosperity, and in an amazingly short time he succeeded—succeeded so well that England decided something had to be done about it. The result was the quadruple alliance, whereby England, France and Austria (with some small fry thrown in) ganged up on Spain and soon forced the expulsion of Alberoni and a peace treaty to meet their demands. By this time he had become a Cardinal. He retired to Italy, and disappeared so effectively that half Europe thought he was dead. But when the Pope died and a Conclave was announced, with a promise of safe-conduct for Alberoni were he yet living, he emerged from the hole in which he had been lying hid and played a part in the election of the next Sovereign Pontiff. From then on he devoted his declining years to administrative tasks in the Papal States and to the foundation of a college for the education of young priests. Before his death he had gained the admiration of many of those who had formerly despised him and won praises from no less a person than Voltaire. Indeed in one Conclave he himself received eleven votes for the Papacy. Such is the career which Mr. Harcourt-Smith has chosen to describe. He has written a book which is a most worthy contribution to the new Borzoi Series, appropriately labeled, "Byways of History."

## Conversation on Italy

THROUGH an immediate association of memories associated with the author's name, one defines, with too easy an automatism, the quality of Count Sforza's book as aristocratic. But, of course, if that word is used—it is tempting to use it because it is so out of fashion—then one must at once pick at random from the book a sentence such as this: "The fascist adventure was the ransom Italy paid for not having given earlier consideration to the redemption of the agrarian and industrial lower-class workers." The aristocratic quality then must be considered not exclusive of such unexpected interests. Count Sforza is an Italian representative of what we have been accustomed to consider—perhaps parochially—as a British, and very high conception of aristocratic duty and responsibility. We have also thought of that tradition as being very largely lost.

Since we used the word aristocratic it was necessary, immediately to clear it of any restrictive class interest if we were to apply it to Count Sforza. Its more positive aspects are hard to define. Perhaps serenity has something to do with it, and, certainly disinterestedness. But also there is a certain wisdom—worldly and not worldly alone—which the author possesses through all the accumulated information which is his, because his family has amassed it, and his also since, through his family connections, he was able to acquire it himself, throughout his life, directly, from the best informed government, diplomatic and social groups in his country and wherever he traveled abroad. A peasant will have such wisdom, of precisely the same quality, and one cannot say that the field it covers is narrow, because the peasant's wisdom applies to man's life, which is not a narrow interest, yet a peasant is not a man of national and international affairs, and he is not a qualified historian of his times. He suffers his times, and that is enough of an occupation. It happens to be an occupation which, in Italy, Count Sforza has always wished to alter.

This book which deals with Italy's political and cultural history is therefore particularly the conversation of a very enlightened person for whom all the subject matter is of natural interest. Perhaps a way to make this clear is to say that one feels that the author has never looked anything up in preparing his book except as a man would turn for a quotation to the books he has always possessed and knows. So that when he speaks about people it is as if he had known them all—the popes of the past, Leo and Pius; the statesmen, Cavour, Mazzini; the writers, Alfieri, Pellico, Manzoni—as well as he has known the dominant figures of the present. Because his father knew them well, or his uncle, or his grandfather; Italy's history had always been his family's life. And so this review aims only at suggesting an exceptional quality in a book. We argue about Italy; the impassioned Italian disputes from Dante's times on through unification, and the risorgimento, and on through the wars, and through fascism, color our minds; there is always the special position of the Church and the Papacy existing in Italy which also gives to all Italian matters—no matter in what century—a polemical aspect; but if we were inclined to argue with Count Sforza about certain of his opinions, then we would be obliged to remember the tone, the quality, of his thought. If all Italians lived in that tone, in that style, and if commentators on Italian subjects could achieve something of that serenity, a discussion of the most difficult issues might eventually become profitable.

## Awareness Plus Tradition

THE state the world is in is so depressing that a description of its failings, however salutary, hardly makes inviting reading. Hardly inviting, that is, unless the analyst, bold enough to venture a statement as to just what is the matter, is brilliant and original and sound. Even then his observations may seem footless to many unless he points to certain feasible ways out of our sorry pass. It is gratifying to be able to report that Karl Mannheim qualifies on both scores in his "Diagnosis of Our Time."

He writes as a sociologist (and as a philosopher) with no specified allegiance to any one religious body. He is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strangely troubled by the problem of loving one's neighbor in the modern world and seems to think that it cannot apply today in its full sense, that of worldwide membership and kinship in the Mystical Body of Christ. For him the duty of charity today to any but one's most immediate neighbors can be met only institutionally. Possibly the varying degrees of a Christian's charitable obligations to his fellow-men did not occur to him as a solution. At one point he goes so far as to refer to the "magical elements in the Roman Catholic religion" (which ironically enough he declares to have been purged by the Reformers in general, and Puritanism in particular, "in order to achieve a more rational morality"). Yet except for occasional bursts into sociologists' jargon and personal peculiarities in matters of minor detail, there is little in his pages that could not have been written by men of such deep traditional religious faith as Christopher Dawson and Jacques Maritain. That he should have reached strikingly similar conclusions from so different an approach underlines the soundness of the many social views all three hold in common.

Here are a few of our current failings as Mannheim sees them. The political democracies have a common background in classical antiquity and Christianity but they have no common positive aims. This is no focus for their activity. They do not know whether to emphasize education for freedom or for discipline, for work or for leisure; they do not know whether to turn out thoroughgoing rationalists (who question everything) or men and women imbued with tradition, whether to train for specialization, or develop in the student through the liberal arts disciplines an all-round personality.

More than that the impact of industrialization upon a civilization that was already losing many of its traditions has been catastrophic. We have reached a point of neutrality toward all values. Individualism proves bottomless; there is ceaseless craving for new sensations. In the big city family and community life, even life's great moments, have lost much of their meaning. The machine age has thus far proved unequal to producing new values to replace those we have lost. The wonder is that we have stood up against any sort of dynamic society, such as nazi Germany, so well. Not that the author would have us turn back the clock and return to handicrafts. He is concerned over our misuse of scientific knowledge, the emptiness of modern workaday life—even of our leisure time.

There are many more items in Karl Mannheim's indictment but his solutions are of even greater interest. He believes that freedom can be attained only through planning. Society must, therefore, arrive at agreement on certain basic issues, leaving more complex and personal beliefs to the individual conscience. In the pluralistic society he envisages religion must play a major role. It must keep alive the richness of genuine religious experience; there must be men who are guardians of the spirit, as in monasteries, others equally dedicated to the well-being of society, actively engaged in the market places of the world. Keen social awareness must be combined with the motivation of abiding Christian values. Both sociology and religion must be supreme, each in its own field. Only in these and other ways not mentioned in this review can democracy mobilize man's creative imagination, allot to every citizen a creative role, and in general develop the dynamism that it lacks today. "Diagnosis of Our Time" is as profound as it is prophetic.

# More Books of the Week

*Saving Angel. T. Lawrason Riggs. Bruce.* $1.75.

BEFORE dying last year Father Riggs completed this brief study of the two trials of Joan of Arc, that of 1431 at which she was condemned to death, that of 1456 by which her memory was cleared of guilt. The book holds closely to this question of justice in its relation to politics and theology. In his foreword Father Riggs asks: "Must the Church accept Mr. Shaw's [G. B. S.] patronizing congratulations for having canonized in 1920 an ultra-Protestant martyr whom we had burned in 1431?" Mr. Shaw's "Saint Joan" held that the first trial was legal and that the Saint indeed was a precursor of the Protestant conception of the immediate relationship between man and God without necessity of mediation by the Church. Apart then from any English pressure, Bishop Cauchon and the Rouen theologians were right in condemning the Maid who refused to disavow those voices which she believed to be finally compelling. That being so, the rehabilitation trial represented a change in French public opinion and a subservience to that opinion on the part of the theologians. In this view the canonization also would reflect a sort of spiritual prize to the French nation for having won a war.

Basing his study largely on the Jean Bréhal's Recollectio, an instrument of the trial of Rehabilitation, which, as Jacques Maritain has said, has been greatly neglected by historians, Father Riggs demonstrates the vice of the first trial. Joan of Arc was neither Protestant nor heretic. The conclusions of the first trial are unacceptable. Any lawyer appealing its competency and its procedure could not fail to succeed. And such an appeal is what took place and successfully in the Rehabilitation—for political reasons it was not made in time to save Joan's life. Father Riggs's accurately written and closely reasoned short account presents an irrefutable justification of the thesis presented by Maritain, in a letter to the author, to the effect that "the authentic doctrine of the Catholic Church, betrayed by the judges of Rouen, respects divine inspiration within souls, so that no opposition is conceivable between the very authority of the Church and the freedom of the spirit of God."

Yet in fairness to Mr. Shaw and to the historians from whom he drew his picture of a Protestant Joan logically impossible of acceptance by the Church, I think a further word is needed. Maritain and Father Riggs are right but it is a fact that "divine inspiration" directly granted to the soul of the saint—before one can know the person is a saint—is always subject to the most scrupulous investigation by the Church. If this were not the case the only test of the inspiration would be pragmatic. Practically speaking and historically, the Church does not rush in to accept the validity of these direct messages, these visions, these commands from God; practically speaking her first reaction is one of hope, yes, but also of deep distrust. Thus the first trial was no doubt corrupt and a betrayal and partially inspired by political necessities. But there is no doubt too that, no matter how much Bishop Cauchon and the theologians cheated, they did indeed consider Joan a most dubious, a most dangerous personage. In calmer times their doubts would have been removed through appeal and revision. They acted hastily, unjustly, they "betrayed the authentic doctrine" and also all fair practice. Yet they would have agreed with Mr. Shaw,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Mr. Shaw, studying the minds of the men who did this cruel act, is not being totally unfair in showing them as being motivated by the fear of heresy. That fear existed; it always exists; it was accepted by them with exaggerated fervor for they had other interests and motives. And then time passed and the facts were seen in the light of the Church's "authentic doctrine" and judged accordingly.

C. G. PAULDING.

*Ten Years in Japan. Joseph C. Grew. S. & S.* $3.75.

JOSEPH GREW is a steady, patient, cool-headed, courageous and thorough man. He is incapable of trickery or of even the ordinary diplomatic and departmental shenanigans which advance men's careers. He has a professional background of about forty years of successful experience. According to the publishers "President Hoover sent Ambassador Grew to Japan in 1932 because we needed the best diplomat we had, to save a desperate situation." Precisely. We have been doing exactly that, with intervals of ineptitude, for forty-eight years; not ten. Result: Pearl Harbor and the disgrace of it to State Department, Navy, and Army; the conquest by Japan of something like three million square miles, i.e., 6 percent of the world's total land area; control of 450 million people, that is, of one-fifth of the world's population all without the slightest difficulty. According to *Fortune* magazine for April, "a sufficient quantity of almost every raw material is available to Japan within her own Empire. Japan has all the strategic materials needed for war products. The only limit to her own use of them is the capacity of her shipping space and of her war factories."

The lawyers of the two commanding officers at Pearl Harbor are urging a court martial. It is expected to be shown that general conditions in the United States made it impossible for these two officers to cope with "the desperate situation." There is an answer to that: that situation has been perfectly well known by competent observers for forty-eight years, by Mr. Grew himself, for ten. The most elementary duty of a commanding officer at such a key post as Pearl Harbor would be ceaseless vigilance and alertness. If high officials of the armed services really said publicly that "it could happen to any one," there is something strangely lacking in the training of West Point, Annapolis, and the State Department.

Mr. Grew's choice of the diary form of recital of the story of these ten years is a happy one. In our older day it was not possible to keep diaries. It was difficult to be sure of the inviolability of our official records. The two things that seem to stand out most vividly from these diaries are: the question uppermost in every Japanese mind, from the man in the street to Prince Chichibu, the Emperor's brother: "Is it true that the United States is actively preparing war with Japan?"—and the custom and tradition of political assassination.

That question has been drummed into Japanese consciousness ever since 1896, and the handing by the State Department to the Imperial Japanese Foreign Office of two copies of the published Senate Documents in which, from James G. Blaine's time on, we refer constantly to "Our Plan to Dominate the Pacific." Assassination, among the Japanese clans was as much a custom as it was in the intrigues of the old Scottish clans before the union of Great Britain and the outlawing of the more turbulent Scots. It is difficult for an old-timer to grasp why those two things should not be of fundamental knowledge to Washington; particularly if he has repeatedly happened to survive assassination by Japanese agencies in his own person.

Mr. Grew's book is the best yet, since the explosion of the Pacific Basin. The question remains, however: "Why?"—with all the good men we have had in Asia and the Pacific, with all the knowledge we have gathered in the past sixty years, with all the information that has been passed on to the official guardians of our national safety, by diplomats, Navy, Army, and sound unofficial observers.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

*Fiddler in the Sky. Kathleen Hoagland. Harper.* $2.50.

THIS is a novel about division in Ireland. It is dual division—the cleavage between the Irish and the British, and the beginning of the schism amongst the Irish themselves. For it turns about the events of Easter Week, and some of the years immediately after.

The fissure in Ireland itself—a break between those who are Sein Feiners and those who are not—is foreshadowed rather than seen. For the novel does not extend historically in time so far as to permit writing about that civil war. But Mrs. Hoagland makes herself clear on that subject. And one knows what side she would take. For she pretends to no poise and no detachment. To her and to her heroine, Beth Brendan, all Sein Feiners represent scum rising to the top. They are the little ones trying to wear long pants. No single one of her Sein Feiners is strong, sincere, honest or good. The fact is that Mrs. Hoagland, in this novel at any rate, is a social snob who sees in the Irish rebellion an upheaval which lowered social standards.

There is no attempt to measure the passion of the "rising" against the long night of despotism, or the treason of Sir Edward Carson, or the British handling of Irish soldiers during the first World War. There is no awareness of the torsions and complexities that made up Ireland's rebellion—or any rebellion. One of her Sein Feiners is shot by a British woman with whom he has run away—a snide parallel to the Parnell case. Her Catholic regards all Sein Feiners as fanatics, men who "forget that it is in the catechism that one should honor and pray for his rulers." Both he and Mrs. Hoagland seem to forget that revolutions have a way of modifying catechisms, that all moral law is not summed up in them, and that the Church worked out a morality of revolutions centuries ago.

Mr. William Carlos Williams writes (on the jacket) that if this book were not a novel he should call it the "onlie true history of Ireland." "Fiddler in the Sky" will be the "onlie true history of Ireland" when Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" is the true history of Catholicism.

But if we regard the book simply as a novel it is an exciting and amazing piece of creative work. It is exciting because Mrs. Hoagland has great power both of characterization and of narrative. That is why it is a pity that she has not learned wisdom. It is amazing because she sees detail with the same curious and observing eyes as does Zola, Balzac or Jane Austen. And she is wonderfully aware of the ambivalences that contest in the soul of a young girl; of the torture of learning maturity, of the anxiety that enforced allegiance to one parent brings where a household is divided.

She is capable, too, of such evocation of girlhood as this: "She began to think that she was herself and herself alone . . . and then the feeling that she was a disembodied

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spirit overwhelmed her, and her courage gave way before the realization of self, though she could not explain what it was that frightened her." And she constructs such sentences as these: "He raised his eyebrows like two black drawbridges." And: "The wind was a thousand hungry cats mewling." Mrs. Hoagland, it is clear, knows how to write with competence, precision and with beauty.

This is a first novel. But it is not a novel of promise. It is the finished work of a mature writer. It is as full of bias as a sectarian sermon. FRANCIS DOWNING.

*A Treasury of American Folklore. B. A. Botkin. Crown.* $3.00.

IN HIS 900 pages the archivist of folklore for the Library of Congress has collected and told in admirably restrained prose the essential body of our lore from Paul Bunyan and Davy Crockett to Lincoln and Mark Twain (The Jumping Frog). Here you find much of Uncle Remus and a little of the Katzenjammer Kids; sections on Tall Talk, Local Cracks, Pranks, Nursery Tales, Ghost Tales, Balladry—the words and the tunes; the biographies, ballads and legends of the Bad Men. The menfolk and the childfolk, old and young, will delight in it. Yet obscenity is, as far as this human eye could see, absent; and profanity and vulgarity minimized. Footnotes are many and brief and serve as a bibliographic index; and as biographical index of some of the lesser men.

Some of the lore is modern but most of it nearly or quite a century old. It centers round Texas, the Mississippi, the Plains, the Mines. Our coasts seem less well represented and the index has not led us to Alaska or to the balladry or yarns of any of our wars. Negro ballads and lore are extensively represented.

Could not the convents consider this for their school libraries? The author is a merry gentleman, his wit unusually civilized.

In our family there is a version of one of the dancing-on-the-knee rhymes:

Trot, trot to Boston to buy a penny cake.
Trot, trot home again; met a big snake!
Picked up a stone
An' ah broke his backbone!
(*furioso*)
An' ah gallop, an' ah gallop, an' ah gallop away home!

E. L. KEYES.

*Fire Bell in the Night. Constance Robertson. Holt.* $2.75.

"FIRE BELL IN THE NIGHT" would make fine technicolor. The young heroine has red hair and an anatomy which corresponds to that of our stars; the dress is "1850," with green flounces; there is an immense amount of fist-fighting, most noble characters, wild horseback pursuits, carriages which overturn—and kisses. But if we are talking about novels and not scripts for films, then the merit of this book is quite another matter. Had I not a very soft spot for anything and everything which can forward the cause of the Negroes, and had I not also a certain number of complexes springing from false pride, I would admit outright that I prefer straight murder stories.

No doubt Mrs. Robertson hoped to write the novel of a little town, the novel of a community of little people stumbling about and into a great human problem; unfortunately she did not succeed in writing a "populist" novel. In excuse for her failure one may ask who ever succeeded in doing so? Jules Romains, certainly not—possibly Cozzens?

*New Book*

**JAMES LAYNEZ**
**JESUIT**

By JOSEPH H. FICHTER, S.J.

*Illustrated*

**$3.00**

This biography of the second General of the Society of Jesus is a scholarly contribution to Church history. The well-known energy and zeal of the Jesuits is a direct inheritance from the spirit of their saintly founder and that of his immediate successor, James Laynez.

The multiplicity of Laynez' activities would be incredible if they were not vouched for by reliable documentary evidence. The extent of his journeys, the number of his sermons, and his founding of colleges were prodigious. Yet his studies in theology were extensive and profound. His was the rare ability to combine a life of study and a life of apostolic activity.

The formulation of Catholic doctrine by the Council of Trent was owing, in large measure, to his scholarly contribution. There, as papal theologian, he set forth the points of Catholic theology, one after the other, with sound and convincing scholarship.

Anyone who is quite satisfied with his present labors for God and the Church, will not like this book because it will make his zeal appear small indeed. But anyone who is willing to receive a stimulus to his energy in God's service, will welcome this life of James Laynez.

*B. Herder Book Co.*
15 and 17 SOUTH BROADWAY
ST. LOUIS 2, MO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perhaps Mrs. Robertson sought to write a love story; unfortunately she remained faithful to the patterns of love reactions of the women's magazines; all that prevents the double idyl, or the double bickering, between Mahala and her two lovers from being in complete conformity with this curious psychology is that the young girl, after the kisses are over and she rests her head on her lover's shoulder, does not "feel the rough tweed and smell that fine smell of tobacco and shaving lotion." However I am certain that this little detail was heroically sacrificed for the sake of period interest, for this novel is an historical novel—or would like to be. Inevitably, in order to manufacture a little local color, the author describes how people dressed and informs us that the trains were always late and started when they felt like starting; but that does not suffice to create an atmosphere; we are not even in a nineteenth century of convention.

I think that M-G-M, more easily than I, will be able to forgive "the catlike gracefulness" of one of the heroes (who might be Clark Gable), the "haughty manlihood" of the other hero (who might be Mature), and the "roaring cheerfulness" of a third personage. But even M-G-M will delete such a phrase as this: "She and Dallas Ord were one person, indivisible, indissoluble, joined, inseparable." Particularly when the young lady reaches these emotional heights immediately after having overturned her carriage, bumped her head on a stone, abandoned her husband and rescued a slave.

JEAN C. DE MENASCE.

*Chronicle of Dawn. Ramon J. Sender. Doubleday.* $2.50.

CHILDHOOD memories: with all the weaknesses and the charm of this form. A Spanish childhood, strangely cruel, strangely dark, tempestuous with a child's hate for his father, his candid, constant and reciprocated love for a young playmate. And a poetic childhood also one indeed most trying to the child's parents, yet comprehensible to us in flashes through the engaging figure of the child's old tutor. This man, a priest, receives with all needed seriousness—one might say with the requisite sacerdotal charity—the little boy's solemn declaration, inspired by an alternated and whispered reading with his little friend during Mass, that he is "the Lord of Love, Power and Wisdom." In exchange for this confidence, the old man provides the child with a definition of sacrifice which will haunt him through youth and young manhood, and still haunt him, dying, in a concentration camp. Two other episodes, the sacrifice of the pigeons in order to sprinkle their blood in a mystical and amorous rite over the little girl, the beloved, the exploration of the castle's underground passages with the meeting of their inhabitants—the three ideal types of humanity, the hero, the saint and the poet—very clearly lay bare the child's temperament. A reticent, a secretive child, impassioned, already tragic, yet loving life intensely.

Whatever charm, whatever even of talent, this book presents, it is a little disappointing to one who has been held strongly by the interest in its preface. The preface tells the story of the months passed in the concentration camps at Argelès, and the death of this man "of substance." "In a man, substance is faith. There lies the whole question." In a few lines the drama which was the forerunner of that which spread over all the world, the drama of the Spanish war, is defined with a sobriety which reawakens our own anguish of those times. The hero refuses to leave the Argelès camp: "If I get out, do you know what I will be? At best, a deceived hero. The fact is that the generation now in power everywhere is a corrupt generation, a generation of liars. Few of us will live until the succeeding generation, our generation, takes command of things . . . ever if we live, it is not certain that the rising generation is not contaminated. It seems that to reach the level of power, you have to lose everything first."

Why did this introduction, which by far surpasses the rest of the book—as all maturity surpasses all childhood—have to be marred by a shocking anachronism? It puts Pétain's Senegalese negroes guarding the Argèles camp in February, 1939.

PAULE BERAULT.

*While Still We Live. Helen MacInnes. Little.* $2.75.

DON'T be scared away by the unfortunate title. "While Still We Live" (second line of the song of the Polish Legions and probably sounds fine in Polish) is another successful effort by Helen MacInnes, who proved in "Above Suspicion" and "Assignment in Brittany" that she has a happy flair for combining exciting fiction with her own personal war against the nazis.

This time Miss MacInnes has picked Poland and how she ever learned, or still remembers, so much about so many parts of Europe we shall never know. The central figure is a young and beautiful English girl who is visiting friends in Poland when the lightning strikes. She might have gotten away, but by the time she got her chance, she didn't want to. She was already much too fond of the Poles and much too mad at the nazis. She lived through the siege and fall of Warsaw and in a most interesting, complicated way got tied up with counter-espionage for the Polish underground, joined a guerilla band and fell in love with its highly romantic leader.

You get the feeling that Miss MacInnes is straining a bit, trying to do something more important than just another good mystery thriller about fighting Hitler. For such heavy-duty stuff it doesn't appear that she has quite enough artillery. She is always intelligent and interesting—well, nearly always—but outside the heroine, who is obviously Miss MacInnes and very charming, the characters are just a little too simple, a little too much like the people you meet in good mystery thrillers.

But Miss MacInnes's talent is considerable and for a vivid picture of Polish resistance and a most sympathetic reminder of the virtues of that embattled people, we must certainly be grateful. And as for her detailed account of the activities of the Polish underground, I can only say that if it isn't actually like that, it certainly ought to be.

JOHN C. CORT.

*Velasquez. Enrique Lafuente. Oxford.* $5.50.

THIS is the latest addition to the Phaidon Press's art books. It contains a very complete and studied critical introduction as well as careful catalogue of Velasquez's paintings and drawings, magnificently reproduced both in color and in black-and-white. The extraordinary boldness and richness which this Spanish master knew so well how to pattern into more than significant form, into luscious and living rhythms are here made available for the library of any amateur. And as one glances through these plates, one realizes that Velasquez is indeed one of the greatest in our artistic heritage. If the buildings fall we still have the paintings.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Inner Forum

## Doctors' Guilds

THE SPANISH Confraternity of SS. Cosmas and Damian, which traces its origin to the early Middle Ages, is perhaps the oldest Catholic Doctors' Guild in Europe. More important, however, is the French Society of Saint Luke, Saint Cosmas, and Saint Damian which this year would be celebrating its sixtieth anniversary. Dr. Carla Zawisch, the organizer of the Saint Luke's Guild of Physicians of Vienna, in the April *Medical Missionary* (8400 Pine Road, Philadelphia), tells how the French group "furthered and stimulated the establishment of similar societies in other European countries." They were organized in Austria, Belgium, England, France, Holland, Hungary, Ireland, Poland, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland.

The publication of periodicals and books dealing with scientific and ethical questions was, of course, one of the principal activities of these professional organizations. One phase of these efforts was to support the fight of the Church "against the modern impeachments against natural law, Christian morals and dogma. Birth control and abortion, eugenics and sterilization are amongst the most important of these questions. . . . Next to this activity comes the sanctification of the profession. To raise the moral standard of the physician is a most serious endeavor of the societies and a watchful eye is kept on all attempts, legislative or otherwise, against these standards. . . . The patient is not a commercial object but a living and suffering human being, committed to the charge of his brother in Christ, with the physician as Good Samaritan." The work of organizing these guilds culminated in two international congresses of Catholic doctors, both under the special encouragement of Pope Pius XI. The first of these took place in Brussels in 1935, the second in Vienna in 1936; a third was to be held in Rome in 1937 but failed to materialize.

In this country there is a Federation of Catholic Physicians' Guilds, which publishes the *Linacre Quarterly* (155 East 77th Street, New York 21, N. Y.). There are 18 local guilds in the United States and one in Hamilton, Ontario, comprising this federation. It was founded in 1932. An Argentine Catholic Doctors' Guild came into prominence through the medical facilities it made available at the International Eucharistic Congress at Buenos Aires in 1934.

### CONTRIBUTORS

*Robert SPEAIGHT* is an English actor, author and lecturer. He is known for his biography of Saint Thomas of Canterbury and for playing the leading role in T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral."

*Philip Rhys ADAMS* is director of the Columbus, Ohio, Gallery of Fine Arts.

*Sgt. Charles William PHILLIPS* used to run a Catholic bookstore in civilian life, and has contributed to a number of current periodicals.

*Rev. Gregory FEIGE* is a charter member of the Catholic Association for International Peace.

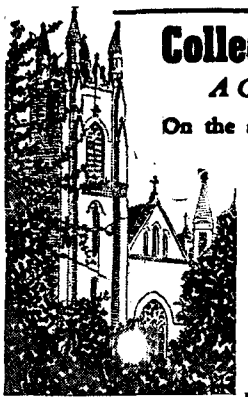
*William Franklin SANDS* has himself spent a number of years in the Orient in the American Diplomatic Service.

*Francis DOWNING* is assistant educational director of the United Automobile Workers in Detroit.

*Dr. Edward L. KEYES* is one of the founders of THE COMMONWEAL.

*Rev. Jean C. de MENASCE* is at St. Augustine's Parish, Washington, D. C.

*Paule BERAULT* is the pen name of a writer who was closely associated with Christian social movements in Europe.

**College of St. Elizabeth**

*A Catholic College for Women*

On the approved list of the Association of American Universities

*Campus of 400 acres*
*Modern residence halls*

Standard courses in arts and science. Commerce, home economics, pre-medical, medical technology, teacher training, music.
B.A. and B.S. Degrees.

*Address Dean*
Convent Station, New Jersey

**CAMP ST. JOHN'S**

A LAKESIDE MOUNTAIN CAMP for Boys 7 to 16

2300 feet above sea level on Hunter Lake in the Catskills. Modern buildings and cabins. Hot and cold running water. Mature, experienced staff. All sports and activities. Physician always in attendance. Tuition $275.

REV. H. J. McELROY
St. Anthony's Rectory
Oceanside, Long Island
Rockville Centre 3237

GEORGE EASTMENT
434 Sixth Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.
SOuth 8-0518

MODERN CATHOLIC CAMP FOR GIRLS 7 to 16 Years

**CAMP MARYDELL**

Nyack-on-Hudson, N. Y.

*Conducted by the Sisters of Christian Doctrine*

Athletics, swimming, nature study, camp crafts, etc. Competent counselors under the direct supervision of the Sisters. Resident Chaplain and trained nurse. Rates $12.50 per week. Register at

Madonna House, 173 Cherry St., New York City, BArclay 7-3644
Ave Maria Convent, 1427 Doris St., Bronx, N. Y., WEstchester 7-5725

*The Abbey School*

SIMSBURY, CONNECTICUT

A Catholic boarding school for boys (eighth grade through high school) conducted by Catholic laymen. Sports and physical fitness program. Small classes. High elevation. No vacancies in fourth year. Catalogue on request.

AUSTIN L. WHITTEY, M. A., Headmaster

**SCHOOL OF THE HOLY CHILD**

SUFFERN, NEW YORK

Accredited. College preparatory and general course. Art, Music, Dancing, Dramatics. Outdoor sports. Resident and Day School. Separate Junior Department. In beautiful Ramapo Valley. 40 minutes from New York City. *Catalogue. Address The Prefect.* Phone: Suffern 765.

The 5th War Loan Drive
Starts June 12
*Back the Attack!*
BUY MORE THAN BEFORE


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Next Week*

# London Commentary

## J. L. Benvenisti

~

# William Penn and Isaac Penington

## M. Whitcomb Hess

And a wealth of comment on the headlines, books, plays and movies of the week.

# Educational

### COLLEGES—WOMEN—NEW YORK

**COLLEGE OF MT. ST. VINCENT**

Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York, N. Y. Conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Offers A.B. and B.S. Degrees. Liberal Arts, Nursing, Commerce Education, Pedagogy. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Campus bordering Hudson River. One-half hour from Grand Central, New York City. Write for Bulletin L.

**GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE**

White Plains, Westchester County, New York. Conducted by the Sisters of the Divine Compassion. Fully Accredited. Standard courses in Arts and Science, pre-Medical. Journalism, teacher-training, secretarial studies, library science, fine arts. Unusually beautiful location. Extensive campus. Forty minutes from New York City.

### BUYERS DIRECTORY

★ A listing of approved sources of supply . . . products and services . . . for the individual . . . the Home . . . the Institution.

Rate for your message: 50c a line. Three lines minimum space. Discounts 5% for 13 times, 15% for 52 times.

**BOOKS**

★ Books: Used, Old, Rare.
For Librarians, Collectors, Readers.
Huge Stock. Reasonably Priced.
Catalogs Free. Browsers Invited.
Want Lists Solicited. Libraries Purchased.
DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, INC.
66 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

**HOTEL**

★ COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL
Boston, Mass.
2 minutes from Back Bay R. R. Station

**IRISH BOOKS AND GIFTS**

★ Books, Belleek China, Linens. Catalogs.
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, Inc.
876 Lexington Ave. (near 65th), New York.

**LANGUAGES**

★ LANGUAGE SERVICE, 18 East 41st St., N. Y. 17. Phonograph Courses. All Makes. Also Books from Brazil, Spanish America. Specify Language. *Booklet C.*

### MUSIC SCHOOL

**PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC**

Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart, 133rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York, N. Y. Courses offered: Gregorian Chant — Gregorian Accompaniment—Choir Conducting—Liturgical Singing — Polyphony — Choral Class—School Music—Theory —Harmony—Counterpoint—and other branches of music. Lessons in Organ —Piano — Violin — Voice. Telephone: EDgecombe 4-1500.

### COLLEGES—WOMEN—NEW JERSEY

**CALDWELL COLLEGE**

For Women. Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic. Caldwell, New Jersey. Offering A.B. and B.S. Degrees. Teacher and Secretarial Training.

### CONNECTICUT

**ALBERTUS MAGNUS COLLEGE**

New Haven, Conn. Founded and directed by the Dominican Sisters. Resident and non-resident students. Liberal Arts, Pre-Medicine, Pre-Law and Teacher Training. Courses lead to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts. Proximity to Yale University offers educational and cultural advantages. Fully accredited, including accreditment by the American Medical Association. Ninety minutes from Grand Central Station, N. Y. Address the Registrar.

**EDUCATION PROMOTION**

THE COMMONWEAL is read in a large proportion of the best Catholic homes and by many active, influential Catholic educators. That is why so many leading Catholic colleges and schools advertise regularly in THE COMMONWEAL. That is why it is important for you to publish your message in THE COMMONWEAL every week through the strategic spring and summer weeks. Send for special rates.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED